

THE EDMONTON SATURDAY MIRROR

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Through The Looking Glass

A POST-DATED POEM

THE Claims of Christmas Holidays
Are things we can't ignore—
E.g., observe this issue's date,
It is December twenty-eight
Which, as the Calendar betrays
Is after Christmas—three whole days;
And yet, the candid truth to state:
'Twas writ the week before.

Some verses I must now indite;
So says my Editor.
The forward date they've got to suit;
The question is how shall I do it,
To get the Christmas touch all right,
When Christmas season is yet in sight—
To pluck the after-Christmas fruit
These several days before.

It means not merely hardie skill,
It means prophetic lore—
My mind I must pre-estate,
And make what's early said like late—
Project myself ahead until
I feel I come I will
Upon December twenty-eight.
Though still some days before.

How will it be? How shall I feel—
Say, Muse, I now indite—
Upon December twenty-eight?
The Devil drives, I cannot wait
And see, till time is fact reveal;
From Editors there's no appeal.
And so I must anticpate
What lies yet far before.

I feel extremely overfed
With haughty galore;
I've swollen to a digital size
With turkey, pudding, and mince-pies;
My chest sustains a bad life load,
I've got a liver and a head,
That's how I feel—in prophecies,
Describing it before.

My pulse is void; I'm stony-broke;
Gone is my money's store;
Yea, everyone is in that state;
It is December twenty-eight.
It's not, in fact—'till truth be spoke;
Tis just a harmless Christmas joke,
By which we journalists post-date
December twenty-four!

—Truth

Tonight is Christmas Eve, yet it is one of the ironies of my profession that of a weekly journalist that with the one festive a tip-toe on the threshold, I should have to precipitate myself a week into the future, and endeavor to conjure up the sentiments that actually are supposed to come on the last night of the Old Year, though all about me are signs of Christmas cheer, and the hopes and expectations of a merry day on the morrow.

I find with each year that I lay less stress on festivals and high days and holidays.

Birthday slips by except these my own immediate little family, practically unmarked.

It concerns me very little whether the King has one or not.
My children enjoy the racket and the fireworks, and I enjoy my children. What they look forward to, I try to look forward to. That is all.
Christmas, too, belongs to them. Only New Year's remains to us, and it, I think, because children have no connection, praise, blame or bits of reckoning, or retrospect. They look on New Year's as a day set apart for the making of resolutions which we cynics believe they have little actual intention of keeping. We have made and broken so many ourselves, that we should be in a good position to judge how sincere the majority of them are.

But for older people the day slips by as any other day, or else lives as a stock-taking period, when we are glad or sad, as the last 365 days show a record of profit or loss.

For myself, as I said before, of recent years I find one day on the calendar very much like its fellow. That season when days stood out as days—this day one long day dream, and another one of supreme happiness or sorrow—its gone along with a great deal of other useless and impractical rubbish.

Life is a mixture. We must drain it as it stands.

Often I would be glad to see the glass shattered that holds it.

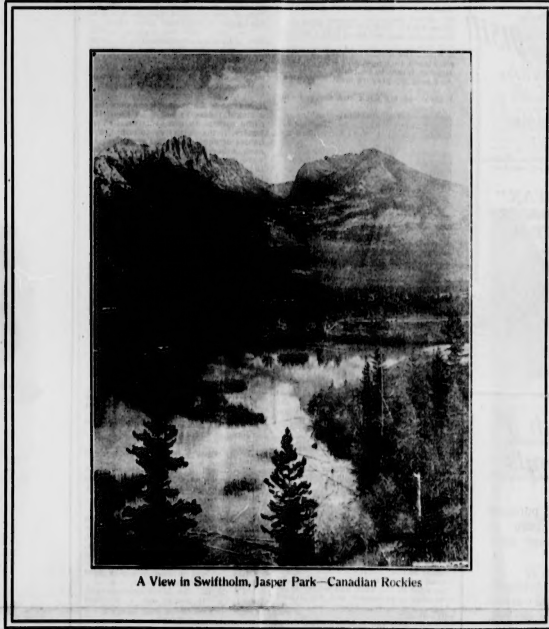
At others, I want to be drunk with the joy and the hope of it; the light of it; to close my eyes and quaff it as it comes, when I set him upon revolving the laps of time, as it affects his mortal duration.

That duty—no, that term, unsparking mixture it is—fills three quarters of the glass.

Charles Lamb is not of my way of thinking in this matter.

In his beautiful and introspective Essay on New Year's Eve he says:

"Every man hath two birthdays; two days at least, in every year, when he set him upon revolving the laps of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth HIS. In the gradual disintegration of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper



A View in Swiftthorn, Jasper Park—Canadian Rockies

birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

"Of all sounds of all bells—(bells, the music night bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a special flight in a contemporary, when he was exclaimed—

"I saw the skirts of the departing Year."
"It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my compatriots affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

"I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope, and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversities. I play over again for love, as the gamblers phrase it, games for which I once paid a dear price. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-centred novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my woiidest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fair eyes, of Alice W—n, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have mislaid that legacy, which old Dorset cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds 'in banco,' and be without the idea of that specious old rogue."

And so, to discouraging on death, and other like matters, that take possession of a man's mind like he is dreaming before a fire, or taken out of himself by certain peculiar occasions or circumstances that focus his attention on things past and to come rather than on the hurly-burly of this immediate present.

Perhaps the wear and tear of journalistic life robs a man of his dreams as quickly as anything.

One thing, it should make him face himself. You, dear readers, who speak and the speech vanishes into thin air; who are eager, angry, impetuous, cruel, and who see no record rising up to smite you, have no conception of the constant strain the man labors under who has a Mirror weekly, or

daily, held up to his eye.

Black and White. That's the thing.
Supposing today (remember it is New Year's Eve) were passed in review before you the thoughts and actions for which you have been responsible in the last twelve months, how would it go with you?

Let your pipe go out, peer blundering man; turn the lights higher, dear, hard-working house-mother. Dreams of the past will help you very little.

Resolutions for this year look too long ahead.

Today's the rub. How to brush through it as best you may.

A Happy New Year to all of you.

To you mostly (see how human I am even on so notable and impersonal an occasion) who have lent a helping hand, by words of encouragement, by your patience, or in the thousand and one kind ways you can, in making this Saturday Mirror a success.

To everyone though—whether friend or foe, still a Happy and Prosperous Year.

And now, after preaching you this sermon, shall I indulge in the old regulation game of making good resolutions at this time? No, for—

"I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of it."

And life is short—the longest life a span; I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the gilt. Or for the wine that malketh glad the heart of man. For good undone and gifts misapplied and resolutions vain.

"Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—I should live the same life over if I had to live again. And the chances are I go where most men go."

Very few of you are making much pretense at doing business there last few days of 1912. That I know. Which, for the same reason, explains this four-page Saturday Mirror, this week.

This in-between time is always a little trying on the nerves.

The kiddies are still riotous.

The office has practically to run itself. Everyone's Dear Wife is busy tidying up after the Christmas letter.

There are oceans of letters to write. You, yourself, dear boy, are feeling just a little bit ragged.

I know, you see, because I saw a large number of you stumbling home from Christmas feasts.

Others of you sitting in street cars, looking just a bit weary. Your pretty stenographers' minds are only half on their work.

They are young yet—most of 'em—and holiday memories are not tamished in a day. The maids at home are still a little prancy, after a day off.

Let the Old Year die, my friends, to the tune and time they sing "Auld Lang Syne" in.

Something like this:

then take up the New One, with fresh heart.

Attack your high noses—
Don't scoup up to them.

Start in on the first syllable of the first sentence. As if you mean business, and believe me, your enthusiasm and strength of purpose, will do a great deal to insure success for yourself and a similar enthusiasm for work in these about you.

You are, or should be, the barometer of your office.

If you just struggle in, and drag yourself about your work, be very sure, your staff will "Follow the man From Cock's."

It's up to you.
They are good sleep.

I felt quite industrious this morning.
If I had a few attractive stenographers and clerks of a similar cast of countenance to order around, I should be in great form.

Watch the New Brooms on the Fresh Starters get busy on January 2nd! There will be something merry in the way of most laggards on that morning.

So little ones take warning, and be on hand with your best manners and a smile or two to help along. Nineteen hundred and thirteen is Edmonton's Red Letter Year, and every business man in the Capital is alive to the fact.

Get out and do your share towards realizing its destiny.

Things don't work downwards. They start in the soil at the roots.

You and I are the roots.

As our businesses stretch out and become prosperous centers, by that much we add to the general prosperity of the community.

I let's get out and weed this year.

We've got all the tools and utensils handy. We don't want any dead ones around.

Each root to its own best effort—but watch the tree grow!

HAVE you puzzled out the notices they have just put up in the street cars: the one about the stopping of the trolley cars, and certain side "paved," and "unpaved" streets?

If you haven't, try it, or you can tell me at the end of the time, whether by "paved," they mean the cross streets, or the car thoroughfares, then you're smarter, than I am stupid.

There are enough ambiguous people in the world, without the Street Car Management trying to get into the crowd.

Let them tell us plainly what they mean and we'll do the rest.

I didn't comment on it, at the time, though I thought it a great deal about it. But I was glad to see the Council of Women taking up the matter of the tragic death of Mr. Gordon's maid on the South Side, a week or so ago.

The case was too shocking almost, to allow of calm or dispassionate comment.

I assure you that personally I couldn't have held my pen in restraint, as I thought of the unfortunate girl, being driven from pillar to post, while there was a bed in Greater Edmonton to put her in, and a doctor or nurse to attend her.

I wish I could burn all the Red Tape in existence. I am an anarchist when I see a tag end of it.

Why Red Tape is the biggest despot that ever crumbled under a microscope, and spontaneous kindness of people, since the world began.

You talk of the flake in the Manger, and His death and what it meant for an attendant's bed?

I tell you it never stood for the ORDER of one's doing good.

He cured the sick on His Own Day of Rest. He did it in the Name.

While the good impulse lasted.

Was there a rod over all those Hospitals?

Was there a nut for an attendant's bed?

Was there life? Were there healing salves?

Would you and I let a dog practically die in the streets, and never lift a finger?

Why talk about man's inhumanity to dumb creatures. What about man's inhumanity to man?

I never saw a horse so crowded yet, that it couldn't sandwich in "the one more."

I'd hate to have seen a rich man drive up to one of those institutions in that poor girl's place.

What do you think they would have done then? Gold rules so many locks.

Older enunciated the theory that a man was no good and dirty, and he, some other, had instigated that chloroforming was the kindest treatment for certain incurable diseases, and to put people out of their misery.

Why should I raise up my hands in horror. The kind thing, that let this woman shriek for hours in the most horrible agony.

Well I would like to see a dog do it.

That's my last word on the subject.

I am a member, probably not paid up, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but if anyone is thinking of starting up an Association for "Common Kindness to Just People" they can put me down for a member, (fully paid up), and on an Anti-Red-Tape League, as President, Committee, Benefactor, Endower and anything else they please.

"Life is mostly froth and bubble—
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Gourage in your own."

Be glad to see some societies squeeze less lemons for dances, and get out and do something worth while.

The alibi motto might serve them, too, as a text! A little less self-righting sentiments about King and Country, and the Bear Old Flag, and a little more common sense, and my dear Sister would see me attending more regularly at meetings.

I F some of you, such of you as think, or want to, desire to know how little the things, on

(Continued on page 4.)

HOLLOWAY REI & Co., Edmonton

"DRY"



Frank H. Gasson, the league secretary, outlined the progress of cricket not only in Edmonton but throughout Canada. He congratulated the club on being a successful season and referred to the commercial term as used by the Hudson's Bay store that everything connected therewith carried with it the seal of quality emphasising that the fact that the club was so faithful to this motto, they would be able to face all comers and continue to win out. He also thanked the chairmen of the Edmonton Cricket Association for the interest that he had taken on behalf of cricket assuring him

Strange hits have always added to the gayety and excitement of the game, but there must have been some odd wallows in the old old days, when many of the players wore large jo'so's alfalfa, of lilics, writes W. A. Phelan. Photos of that primeval time show various athletes with lambskins, some of them really noble foliages, and any of them equal to the average shovel in total area. It's a cinch that the head-first slide wasn't invented by

three more of the athletes then began the exploration; they scared out another squirrel, three field mice and a meadow lark, but finally got the ball, and drove it to the plate in time to get the runner as he skated in. Those must have been the happy days.

Percy Haughton, the football coach

A good season is looked for in Edmonton hockey circles. The opening game between the Eskimos and the Acme team was very fast in the first half, the Eskimos leading by 4-3, but the Mercantile champions did not have the staying power and the final score was 14-4.

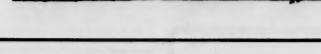
Professor Stephen Leacock of McGill University, who is a notable Canadian humorist, says that English humor is superior to that of America. Prof. Leacock was speaking seriously, of course, when he said it. He claims that the superiority of English humor is due to the fact that it has a deeper significance and is founded on the supposition that its readers possess some literary knowledge, says the Ottawa Journal.

Humor in pictures offers something as a basis on which to consider the situation. The picture of a man with a large head and a small body, taken from a child or from a man of small intelligence more readily than it will from a man of developed mind. The humorous picture is popular in the United States, are, as a rule, of the nature of caricature. Zimmerman says that American humorous artists to his ability to draw men with small heads and large bodies. The picture of a man in America, is filled with caricatures as a rule. The appeal of the pictures to the eye is not the same as to the mind. It may be argued, is true also of the cartoons, that the picture of a man with a large head is not based on caricature, but upon a probing of the inner meaning of the expression, expressed in good drawing. They are, however, not the same. They have a wider, broader and a more intellectual appeal. They have both the same basis in life and the same seriousness of life. They offer an enjoyment more lasting than that afforded by the picture of a man with a large head often based upon pure exaggeration.

But after all, the American people delight in the work of their humorists and the English people in the work of their own. Incidentally, each nation finds humor in the humorous sense of the other and, anyway, it is to laugh. And the man who has learned how to make people laugh happily, heartily and spontaneously is perhaps the greatest benefactor of his age. Life with a sense of humor is a very different thing from life without it.

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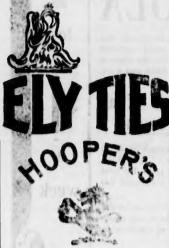
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Continued from page 1
which we place so much moment, count, get out and secure a copy of Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*.

You know, of course, that the book was written in Reading Jail, whilst this brilliant, joy-and-sensation loving genius had been transported for crimes too degrading and unthinkable to dwell on. He, who had been the pampered darling of the smart world of London, and had lived to see it cast him out, and kick and yell him when he was down, in those terrible surroundings for the first time faced himself, and acquired through his heart-breaking experience an outlook, that peace and understanding and philosophy of life, but only comes through those two purifiers, Pain and Real Trouble.

A month or so before his liberation, read what he writes—

"I am to be released, if all goes well with me, towards the end of May, and hope to go at once to some little seaside village abroad with K— and M—."

"The sea, as Euripides says in one of his plays about the Iphigenia, washes away the stains and wounds of the world."

"I hope to be at least a month with my friends, and to gain peace and balance and a less troubled heart, and a Sweeter Mood."

"I have a strange longing for the great simple primal things, such as the sea, to me no less of a mother than the Earth. It seems to me that we all look at Nature too much, and live with her too little. I discern great sanity in the Greek attitude. They never Chattered about sunsets, or discussed whether the shadows of the grass were really mauve or not. But they saw that the sea was for the swimmer and the sand for the feet of the runner. They loved the trees for the shadow that they cast, and the forest for its silence at noon. The hard dresser wreathed his hair with ivy that he might keep off the rays of the sun as he stooped over the yardsticks, and for the artist and the athlete, they played with garlands the leaves of the bitter laurel and the wild parsley, which else had been of no service to men."

"We call ours a utilitarian age, and we do not know the uses of any single thing. We have forgotten that water can cleanse, and fire purify, and that the Earth is mother to us all. As a consequence our art is of the moon and plays with shadows, while Greek art is of the sun and deals directly with things. I feel sure that in elemental forces is purification, and I want to go back to them and live in their presence."

"Of course to me so modern as I am, merely to look at the world will be always lovely. I tremble with pleasure when I think that on the very day of my leaving prison both the labourer and the lily will be blooming in the gardens, and that I shall see the wind stir into restless beauty the swaying gold of the one, and make the other toss the pale purple of its plumes so that all the air shall be Arabia for Me. Amen."

"All trials are trials for one's life, just as all sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on just and unjust alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; She will cleanse me in great waters, and with Bitter Herbs make me whole."

"This isn't very practical jargon for business and real estate men, and lawyers and doctors, and merchants and thieves, and you and I, is it? It isn't dollars and cents, or Tin Gods and yet—It is the Philosophy learned in the hard school of Real Life."

In a way it has a leaning on the case of the girl who was burned in her city, a few days ago.

It is a lesson for the men who do not do and do not, too. A greater one, for the Man On Top.

I pass it to you as my New Year's greeting to you.

I give it to you, you hosts of kind people who have loaded me down with gifts and good wishes this Christmas.

Your thought of me, and your kindness have made me your eternal debtor.

If you learn only one lesson, that Oscar Wilde's

words bring home to you, you will be forever mine.

Apropos of "De Profundis," I had a humorous half-hour in a bookshop the night before Christmas, engaged in a still hunt to locate it.

He was very obliging.

(He was the clerk.)

I mentioned the book I was in search of.

"What was the name please?" from Him.

I did it again.

"No—o, I don't think we have him"—from Him.

"Yes, but why not just take a glance," from Me.

"What did you say the name was?" Him again.

"De Profundis," Me again.

I let him look for "Him."

He tried him under "Mechanical," "Biographical," "Scientific," "Religious" and a few under headings, and came back with a glimmer of reason lighting up his countenance.

"I think you're mistaken in the name," said He.

"Just one more please."

"Oh—h—H! Deprol—un—dis! That's a priest's book, isn't it?"

"Oh no it wouldn't sell. We don't stock it."

"But have you seen the History of the Congo, and this fascinating 'Palaces of England?' Everybody's reading them. They're the stuff you want to buy."

I said it tentatively, but I did say it—

"No, dear one, I have enough troubles of my own, and the Palaces of England interest me not at all. I have all I can do to keep a lee eye on the kingdom of Home. Ever heard of it?"

"But 'Deprol—un—dis,' child, is no priests tale. It is a story of Life."

He, sweet dreamer, will never find it among the "best sellers."

"Rhymes of a Cheechako," and "Omar" and all the obvious others will still continue to glut the market."

Are there any old book-sellers who really know, and read, books, left?

A man told me at dinner last night, that he bought "The Ladies' Home Journal" for him, and the "Eye-Brow Raiser" for his Mother in Law."

Wonder who gets the "Saturday Mirror?"

Christmas was invented for society. The Family was made for Christmas, and Christmas for the Family. Society doesn't know how to celebrate such a festival.

Only people do: Nice persons, who like to stay at home on that day, or have a few friends in to share it with them. Into such happy gatherings, such intimate affairs, I don't care to poke my journalistic nose.

There are fifty-one weeks in which Society can have its fling, and society's silliness may toil. For these one, frilly frocks and pearl ornaments, and ladies who are smart, and others who are not, have no interest for me.

Their tables may be "centred with this," and have "four small vases of the same exquisite bloom," at either corner. Mrs. Blank may spill the tea, and Lisa Jane not agree with "the ice," and the "gay badinage," and "mets," and clatter of the cups, and all the rest of it, can have a rest to acquire a Happy New Year.

who writes society notes, new "savoir faire" for the New Year.

For myself, 'celui ne fait rien. Today, I am a private person, quite different from the poor Peggy, who blows merrily about, a sky of heavenly blue, men wandering around the streets coatless, women without their furs, Dec. 25th, 1912.

Did you ever see such a climate?

I heard a few grogners lamenting the absence of snow, and complaining that it didn't feel a bit Christmasy, but for myself I can say, "perfectly satisfied, thank you."

Long, long may the dust blow, and the sky remain blue.

It may be unseasonable, it may make hauling hard, and business a little slack in some lines, but in the meantime, but "we'll get ours," no doubt, in January and February, and for every day that cuts our long, long winter short, I raise my eyes and say a fervent "Sursum Corda!"

The men with the nice Beaver coats may be stewing, both without and within, but "the stole and the muff" ladies, are heartily congratulating each other and the men who have to buy coal, are treating each other to a cigar on the length of it.

the audience, did not like the composition and found it devoid of form, rhythm and tune!

"Well, there you are; there's no accounting for tastes; but all the more reason why the American composer should go ahead and say his say—"

he has one—regardless of what folks may think. Then there happened the second wonderful thing, for, though I had no interest in "Daisy" whatever, the publishers at the end of the first made me a handsome present for my share in the popularity of the song.

"It is a curious thing," says St. Louis critics, "to note how this 'Daisy Deever' grips people. Old men and children, young men and maidens, yea, and old ladies and gentle women, there is not one that is not made to sit up and breathe hard, just as if it were a rank man, or feel cold and hot by turns, and get 'white, so white' just as the color sergeant did in 'Parade' was whispering to him."

No Russian programme, however, be considered complete that did not include "Daisy Deever."

Those of us who saw Margaret Illington in that really fine play "Kipling" which she presented in Edmonton a few months ago, will be interested in the comments which the Toronto newspapers have made upon it when it was given in that city for the first time the other day, and there in complete agreement in regard to it and the following from the review in the News shows the general tone—

"Not since Mrs. Mimmie Madden's play was seen in the Royal Alexandra has there been another play witnessed with such a high standard of artistic criticism of life, an emotional poignancy and a vital interpretation of character as that of 'Kipling'—"

psychological revelations of Miss Kipling's are so extraordinarily realistic, but artistic—things which happened one day. The first was that, when a little later in the 'Daisy Deever' in New York City at one of the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, the critics, in spite of the enthusiasm of



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An ordinary playhouse, undowered.

The seats are filled and all the boxes taken.

A flood of lights, a happy, careless crowd.

Material, irrelevant, laughter-choked.

A comedy by Shakespeare or by Rhys.

A first rate play, performed without a flaw.

All right, of course. But oh, it's no commercial!

A temple dim, about a quarter filled.

A cloister place to Culture dedicated.

A knot of worshippers, uplifted, thrilled.

By thoughts unutterable agitated.

Something by Strindberg or Euripides—

A play by Ibsen and refresh us—

Anything by Ibsen, if not to please: it's not well done. But oh, it is so precious!

—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Langtry never was a great actress, but she was a beauty.

Her reputation and these charms she has retained to a marvellous degree since she became a celebrity.

In "The Story of My Life," Ellen Terry has this to say—

"That most lovely and exquisite creature, Mrs. Langtry, could not go anywhere at the dawn of the eighties without being looked at."

It was no rare thing to see the answer, "Mrs. Langtry" and to look in vain for the object of the crowd's admiration, curiosity.

"This was all the more remarkable and honorable to public taste, too, because Mrs. Langtry was not a showy beauty. Her hair was the color that had pleased God to make it, her complexion was good, in evening dress she did not display nearly so much of her neck and arms as was the vogue; yet they outshone all other necks and arms through their own perfection."

Ten or twelve years ago I knew a man down in Ontario who had then the title of a Milwaukee alderman and a shining pilot. His chief boast was that when he had in Jersey shore, was what he called known the world over as the Jersey Lily, used to take him upon her arm and tell him stories.

We never heard David Blapham sing "Daisy Deever" in Edmonton. He passed through the city last spring, but unfortunately he had no special engagement here. People tell of the thrill that this song as rendered on the stage has given them. But those who heard Thorne Bates, the young Canadian, who was with Miss Edith Miller on her tour of the young Canada, will refuse to believe that any rendition of the Damsel's setting of Kipling's was more of effective than his.

Blapham introduced the song in 1904 at a large private musicale in Philadelphia, where he was then singing in the Damsel's Grand Opera Company, which also included Nordica and Melba. It was an immediate hit, and so pronounced a character that Blapham decided to include it in his repertoire.

There was cause for wonderment, however, relates the singer, "in two instances, this happened one day. The first was that, when a little later in the 'Daisy Deever' in New York City at one of the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, the critics, in spite of the enthusiasm of